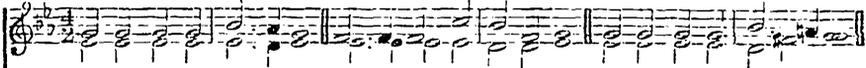


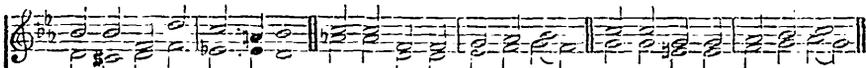
# Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY.

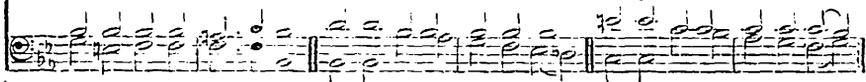
Music by the REV. L. MEADOWS WHITE, M.A.  
(Har of Horning.)



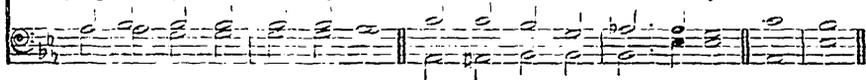
1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy Bos - om fly, While the gath'ring wa - ters roll,  
2. O - ther re - fuge have I none: Hangs my hel - less soul on Thee; Leave, ah 'leave me not a - lone—  
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cleanse from ev - ry sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound

While the tempest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide. Till the storm of life is past;  
Still support and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed. All my help from Thee I bring;  
Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the Fountain art— Free - ly let me take of Thee;




Safe in - to the ha - ven guide— O re - ceive my soul at last!  
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.  
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.



## MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

### The Badge of a Christian.



IN Uganda it is easy to tell whether any man you meet is a Christian or seeking to become one, for if so he wears a skin bag hanging in front of him over one shoulder. It contains his books. They are much too precious to leave at home, where the white ants and other insects might destroy them, or the rain get in and damage them, or thieves steal them. The only safe place for them is the person of their owner, and as the Baganda have no pockets, a rain-proof bag is the only resource. At first it is very thin, for there is only a reading-sheet

inside it. When the owner has advanced a little his bag gets better filled, for it contains a Gospel, or a portion of the Prayer-Book. The carriage of parcels from the coast, six or seven hundred

miles, on men's heads, is expensive, so that books are dear. Only a few rich chiefs, who can read Swahili as well as their own language, have more than two or three books. A chief does not carry his own books, but has a man to carry them about for him, so that his library is always at hand!

### "Used to not feeling well."

Said a lady missionary of the Universities' Mission at Mbwani, "You here have got to be used to not feeling well. None of us do." What a volume that simple saying tells us of the languor produced by the great heat, of the constant attacks of fever, not to speak of other complaints, which are cheerfully borne by those who carry the Gospel to these dark places of the earth!

### "His food was locusts and—"

We often talk of the Bible being translated into foreign languages, but how seldom have we any conception of the difficulties it involves! In Mea, one of the Melanesian languages, it was found impossible to translate St. John the Baptist's "locusts and wild honey," for those islands have no honey since they have no bees. The translators searched for the nearest equivalent they could use, and so the passage reads that St. John the Baptist's food was "locusts and the oil of blow-flies."